FIGHT girl COMICS

The Frank Mint

NO 2

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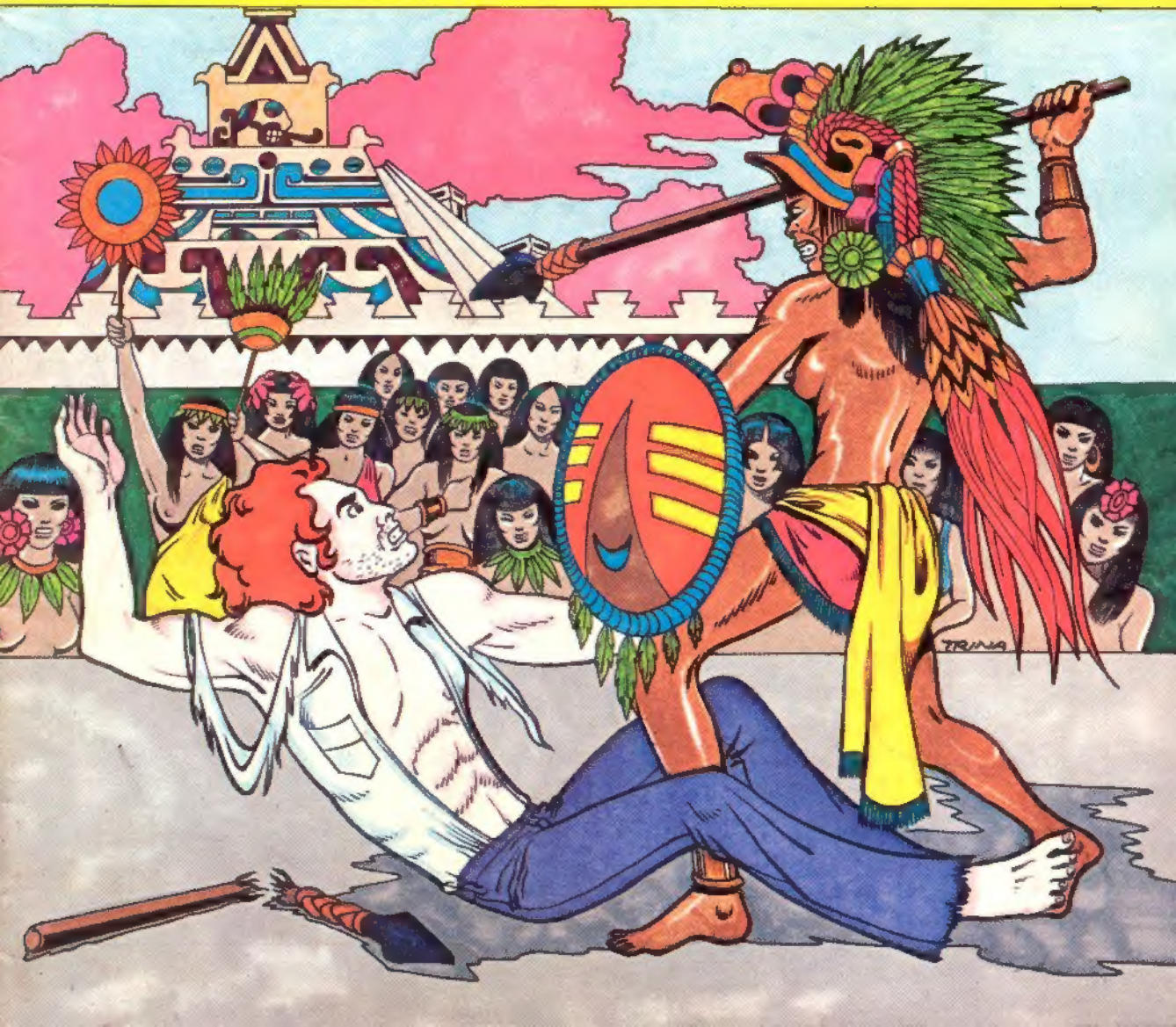

GIRL FIGHT COMICS #2, © 1974 BY TRINA ROBBINS.
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THIS ISSUE DEDICATED TO BETTY GRABLE AND VERONICA LAKE.

MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE

By Trina

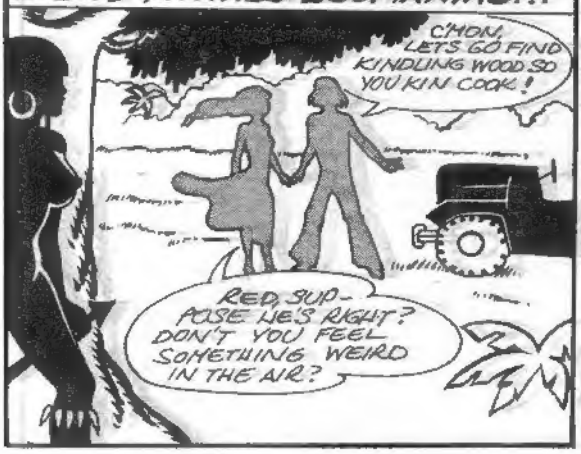
HEY SUNSHINE! DIDJA PACK MY BOOTS? SUNSH... GODDAM CUNT! OFF IN HER OWN FUKIN' DREAMWORLD AGAIN... YA TAKE A CHICK TO THE JUNGLE..; MUTTER;

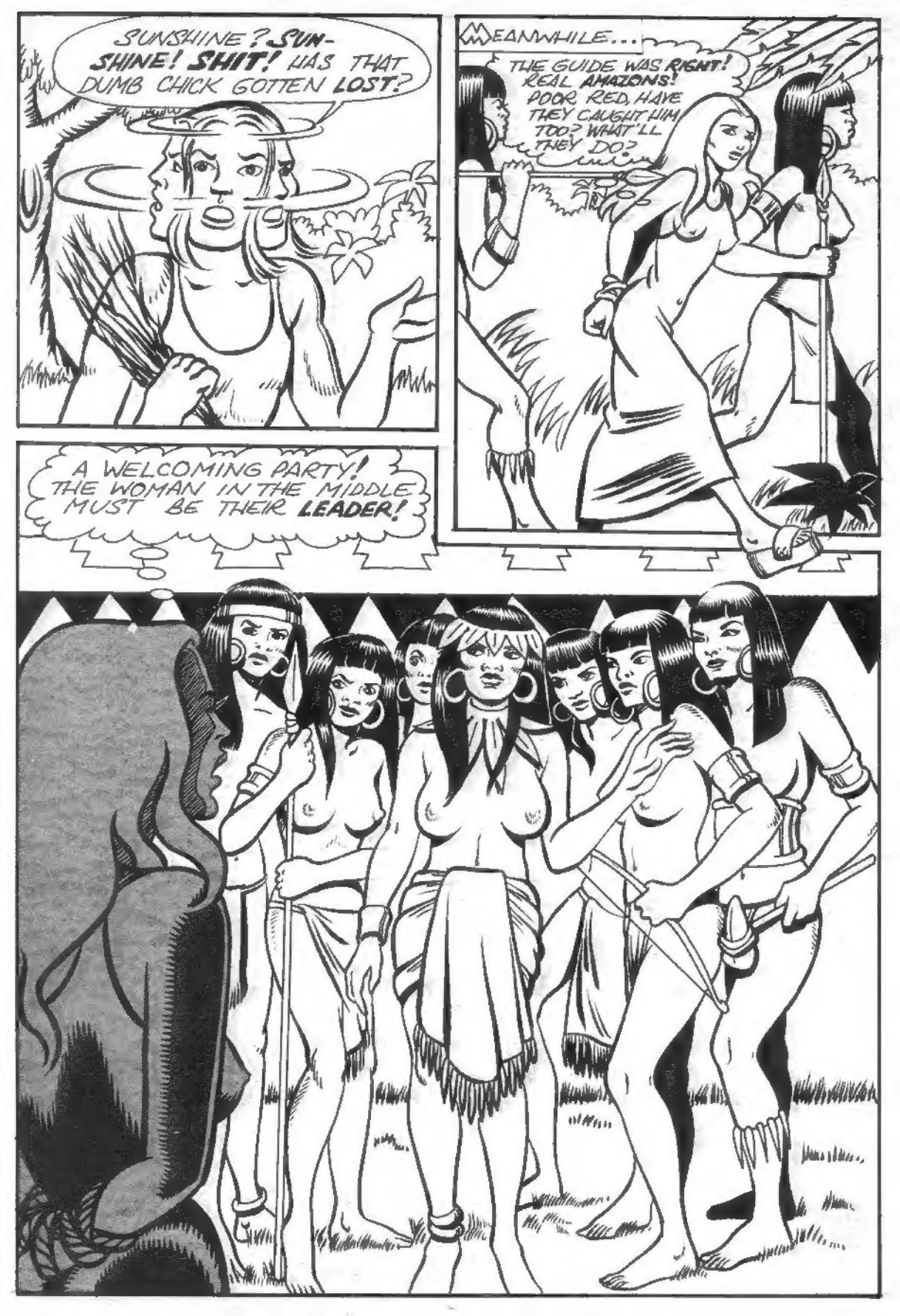
THERE'S SOMETHING... SOMETHING...

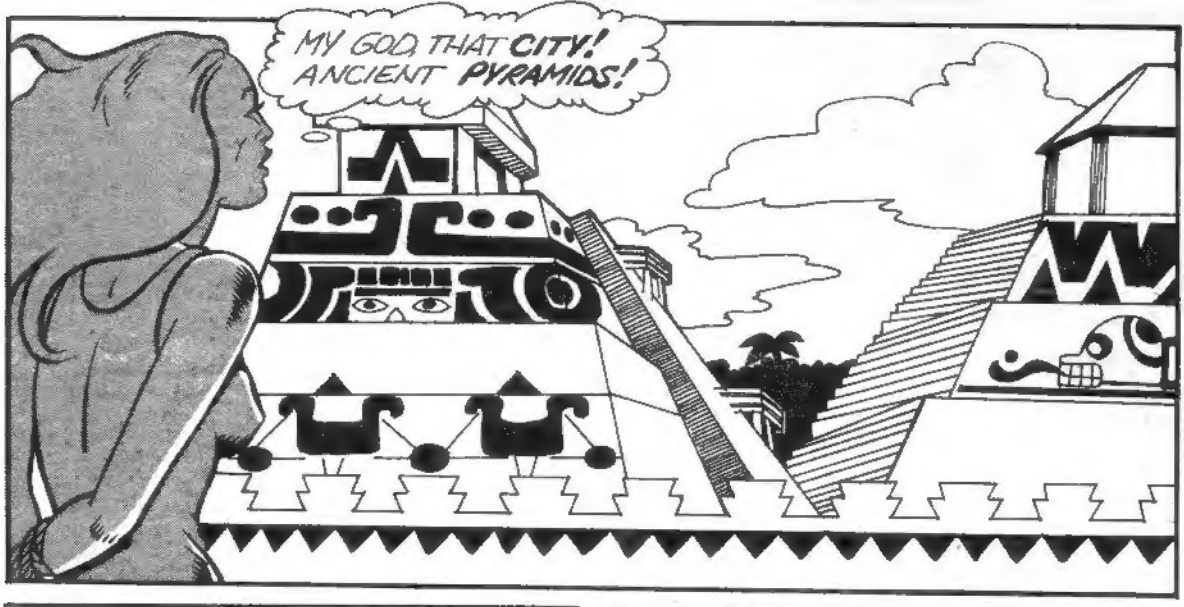
THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA, WHERE **REALITY** AND **FABLE** CAN BECOME **ONE** AND WHERE, IF YOU BREATH DEEPLY, YOU CAN **SMELL** IT; AN **ANIMAL** SMELL, NOT A GOOD PLACE FOR HIPPIES TO CAMP OUT! OR, IS IT A **WOMAN** SMELL?

SUNSHINE FLASHES BACK TO A SUNSET STRIP MOTEL... SHE AND HER FELLOW GROUPIES EXTATIC IN THE PRESENCE OF REDDY KIL-LOWATT AND HIS ELECTRIC SPARKS...

THE THRILL OF BEING CHOSEN BY THE ORANGE HAIRED SUPERSTAR SOON BECAME THE REALITY OF BEING STUCK IN ANOTHER COUNTRY WITH A LOUD MOUTHED EGOMANIAC...




SUNSHINE? SUN-SHINE! SHIT! HAS THAT DUMB CHICK GOTTEN LOST?
MEANWHILE...
THE GUIDE WAS RIGHT! REAL AMAZONS! POOR RED, HAVE THEY CAUGHT HIM TOO? WHAT'LL THEY DO?
A WELCOMING PARTY! THE WOMAN IN THE MIDDLE MUST BE THEIR LEADER!


MY GOD, THAT CITY! ANCIENT PYRAMIDS!

THE AMAZONS PUSH SUNSHINE ONTO A RAISED PLATFORM.
NOW WHAT?

AND THEY HAND HER...
...A SPEAR! WHAT DO I DO WITH IT?

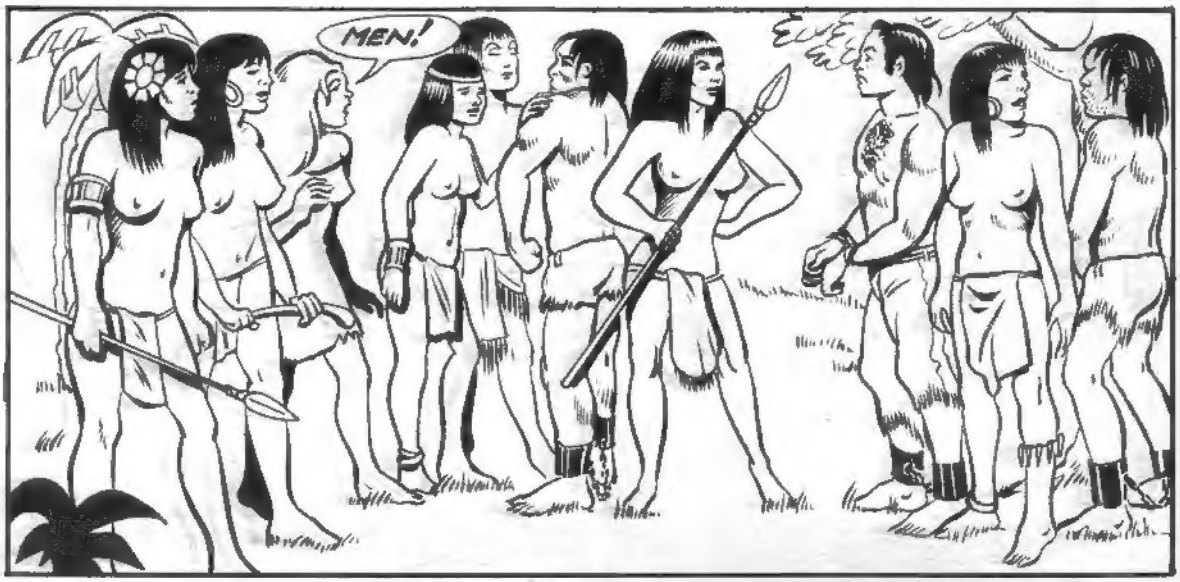
OH NO!

HA!
HA!
HA HA!

TH-THEY'RE LAUGHING AT ME!

HOW MORTIFYING! I'M SUCH A LOUSY FIGHTER, I'M NOT WORTH KILLING!

STILL CHUCKLING, THE AMAZONS MOTION FOR SUNSHINE TO FOLLOW THEM...


MEN!

?

OF COURSE— HER PRIZE!

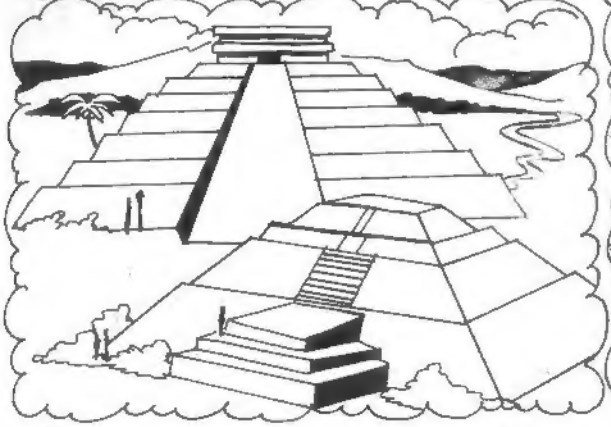
AS THE DAYS PASS, SUNSHINE IS ACCEPTED INTO THE TRIBE.

SHE LEARNS THEIR LANGUAGE...
SUNSHINE, FRIEND!
AXOLALA, FRIEND!

AND THEIR WAYS...
FAR OUT! I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO AMPUTATE MY RIGHT TIT!

THE TIME HAS COME, O NEW FRIEND, TO HEAR OUR HISTORY...

THIS WORLD HAS CIRCLED ROUND THE SUN 500 TIMES SINCE WE LIVED WITH MEN, IN A CITY BY THE SEA. ALL WORSHIPED THE **GREAT MOTHER**, AND FEMALE WARRIORS PROTECTED OUR LAND, THOUGH A MAN SAT ON THE THRONE...



THEN, AS PORTENTS HAD FORETOLD, **WHITE MEN** CLAD IN **IRON** CAME TO OUR LAND FROM ACROSS THE SEA... WE RECEIVED THEM WITH FRIENDSHIP AND PEACE...

BUT THE PRIESTESS OF THE GREAT MOTHER HAD A **VISION**... SHE KNEW THESE MEN BROUGHT **GREED** AND **DESTRUCTION**...

THE KING WOULD NOT HEED THE WARNING. HIS EYES WERE BLINDED BY THE SHINE OF THE STRANGERS' ARMOR. THERE WAS BUT ONE THING TO DO...

ONE NIGHT, THE PRIESTESS, TEMPLE MAIDENS AND WARRIORS SILENTLY FLED THE CITY. NEXT MORNING THE WHITE MEN ATTACKED! WITH NO WARRIORS TO DEFEND IT, THE CITY FELL, THE MEN WERE SLAUGHTERED, AND OUR TEMPLES RANSACKED FOR **GOLD!**

WE BUILT OUR CITY HIDDEN IN THE JUNGLE AND KEEP SECRET BY ENSLAVING ALL MEN WHO STUMBLE ONTO IT! THE **WOMEN**, SUCH AS YOU, WE ASSIMILATE...

ONE DAY...
THE DAY HAS COME FOR YOU TO TRY YOUR NEW-LEARNED BATTLE SKILLS! IT IS YOUR TURN TO DUEL WITH ANOTHER WARRIOR; THE PRIZE IS A MAN!

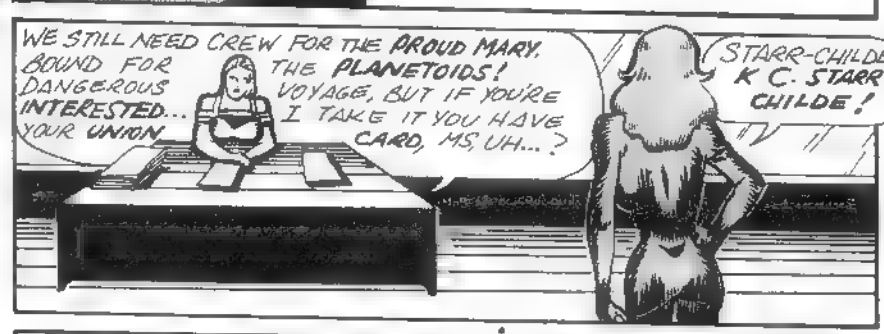
THE DUEL...
MY OPPONENT IS MORTEZA! I KNOW HER; SHE'S A GOOD FIGHTER, BUT IMPETUOUS! IF I CAN GET HER TO STRIKE FIRST...

THE GOLDEN-HAIRED ONE WINS!
THE PRIZE IS HERS!

FOR YOU WE HAVE RESERVED A SPECIAL PRIZE! WE HOPE HE IS TO YOUR LIKING!

HOLY SHIT!

SUNSHINE! THANK GOD! YOU CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH! GET ME OUT OF HERE, SUNSHINE! SUNSHINE...?
HA! HA! HA!
SUNSH...?
I DON'T WANT THAT ONE! HE'S A BAD FUCK! PUT HIM TO WORK IN THE FIELDS!
WHAT ELSE YA GOT?...
SUNSHINE...?
End



K.C. STARR-CHILDE

By Irina

BY THE YEAR 2000, ROCKET SHIPS HAD EXCLUSIVELY ALL WOMEN CREWS, BECAUSE OF THEIR NATURALLY BETTER CO-ORDINATION AND QUICKER REFLEXES...

OKAY, WOMEN! HERE'S OUR LAST CREW MEMBER, K.C. STARR-CHILDE! THIS HERE'S MESCALEEN, MOON, CLITORA, SUNSHINE, COCANNE...
YOU'RE LATE, STARR-CHILDE! I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE CREW.
HI!
'LO THERE!
HOWDY!
AS THE PROUD MARY MOVES FURTHER FROM EARTH, THE CREW PAIRS OFF. K.C. AND MESCALEEN BECOME SISTER/LOVERS
...AND IN THE LONG OUTER-SPACE NIGHTS THEY SHARE SECRET DREAMS...
SO YOU TRAVEL THE SPACEWAYS LOOKING FOR YOUR FATHER, HUH? AND WHEN YA FIND HIM?
I'LL KILL HIM!
SUDDENLY...
GET TO YER STATIONS!
WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!
THE ALARM!
SPACE PIRATES!

SPACE PIRATES! LAST MALE STRONGHOLD IN AN OUTER SPACE THAT HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY WOMEN! RESENTING AND HATING THEM, THEY CAPTURE THE FEMALE CREWS TO BE SOLD INTO WHITE SLAVERY IN THE FLESHPOTS OF PLUTO!

THEY'RE SURRENDERING, CAP'N!

DUMB CUNTS! NO MATCH FOR US! BOARD 'EM!

OKAY LADIES, HAUL ASS! YER HEADIN' FER FIRST CLASS QUARTERS! ;SNICKER:

IN THE HOLD

SHIT! WE AIN'T GONNA SEE DAYLIGHT TILL WE REACH THE STINKIN' CRIBS OF PLUTO!

HEY, LOOK WHAT THEY SENT TO GUARD US!

AW, C'MON LADIES, GO EASY ON ME! I'M JES' DOIN' MY JOB... TOO OLD FER FIGHTIN'

PIG!

I JES' GOTTA MAKE SURE YOU STAY HEALTHY, SO'S YOU KIN FETCH A GOOD PRICE ON PLUTO! WHY I PROLLY GOT A KID YOUR AGE...

PIG!

AW, YA LOOK HALF DEAD, YOU OLD GEEZER! AND YA STINK SOMETHIN' AWFUL!

DAYS PASS...
YOU AINT SUCH A BAD SORT, CROTCHETT! WHATCHA DOING WITH THESE SWINE?
I DUNNO. GUESS THESE GUYS IS ALL THAT'LL HAVE ME...BUT I SEEN BETTER DAYS...
TELL US AGAIN ABOUT HOW YOU WERE A TATOO ARTIST!
YEAH, THAT WUZ IN KANSAS CITY IN OUGHT '80! TH'HIPPIE CAPITAL OF TH' WORLD. IT WUZ, AND THE ART OF TATOO-IN' WUZ ALL TH' RAGE! ME AN' MY OLE LADY JULIE, JULIE CHILDE...
OH MY GOD!
THE CREW PLANS ESCAPE...
THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN IS RIGHT ABOVE US, THROUGH THAT HATCH! WE CAN SNEAK UP THERE...
...AN' THERE I WUZ, MAKIN' GOOD MONEY IN TATOOS!
SSH... CROTCHETT'LL HEAR YA! THEY'VE GOT HIM TALKIN'...
PIG!
CROTCHETT, I'LL HAVE YOUR ASS FOR THIS!
AW, CAP'N, THEY SNUCK UP ON ME IN MY SLEEP!
THAT NIGHT...
WAKE UP, CAPTAIN, YOU'VE GOT VISITORS!
AW, LADIES, WHATCHA WANNA MAKE TROUBLE FER?
QUIET, YOU OLD PIG! WE DON'T WANNA HURT YOU! WE GOT THE CAPTAIN, WE GOT THE SHIP!

OKAY, YOU BITCHES - YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!
NO!! DON'T SHOOT HER!!
UH-NNG!
MURDERING BASTARD!
CROTCHETT STARR! I BEEN LOOKIN' FOR YOU FOR A LONG TIME!
CAPTAIN'S DEAD! THE SHIP'S OURS!
YEAH...
P-PA...
I KNOWED WHO YA WUZ TU'MINUTE I SEEN YA... LOOK JES' LIKE YER MAW > KOFF < RECKON YA MUST HATE ME... CAN'T SAY AS I BLAME YA...
...PA? PA!!
UNH...
FORGET HIM, K.C., HE'S FINISHED! WE GOT A SHIP TO TAKE BACK TO EARTH!
YEAH, EARTH! Y'KNOW, MESCALEEN, I DON'T THINK I'LL BE SHIPPING OUT ANY-MORE!
The End

FANTASY #127: REVOLT OF THE COUNTRY WIVES.
SICK OF BAKING BREAD AND HAVING BABIES ON THE KITCHEN TABLE, FLOWER, PISCES PATTI, SUNSHINE AND KATHY SPLIT FOR THE BIG CITY, OVERALLS AND A SPOT-WELDING CLASS...
HEY, BABE, LIKE YOU JGS' NEED TO MELLOW OUT! C'MON, SMOKE SOME OF THIS FINE COLUMBIAN WEED AN' DON'T BE SO UPTIGHT!
BE RIGHT WITCHA SOON'S I TAKE OFF THIS FUCKIN' DRESS! I'LL NEVER WEAR ANOTHER LONG HIPPIE DRESS AGAIN!
BUT YOUR TRADITIONAL ROLE AS A WOMAN IS TO BAKE MY BREAD, SEW MY SHIRTS, AND BEAR MY CHILDREN!
AN' PISCES PATTI'S PUTTIN' THAT ROLLING PIN TO A TRADITIONAL USE!
HEY, C'MON, YA READY? THE PICKUP TRUCK ISN'T GONNA WAIT FOREVER!
THE FINE COLUMBIAN WEED YOU BOUGHT WITH MY WELFARE CHECK, WORM!
MAMA, KIN I COME TOO, HUH? I'M A DIRL...
B-BUT YOU'RE A MOTHER! YOU WOULDN'T DESERT YOUR BABIES?
YA WANNA BET?
WHERE MAMA GOIN'?
BEATS ME, PAL!
EARTH SHOES
©1974 TRINA

PROLOGUE
Introducing
KAT!
..HELP YOU?
IS THE BOSS IN?
I'M THE BOSS...
YOU? BUT...
MY NAME IS GEORGE GOODMAN AND I'M LOOKING FOR MY WIFE, SALLY... I GAVE HER EVERYTHING A WOMAN COULD WANT: A WASHER, A DRYER, A DISHWASHER, A FINE SPLIT-LEVEL IN THE SUBURBS TO TAKE CARE OF..
LISSEN, BUSTER, THE NAME IS KATHERINE BLACK, BUT MY FRIENDS CALL ME KAT! I'M A LICENCED PRIVATE EYE WITH A KARATE BLACK BELT THAT SAYS I CAN DO ANYTHING A MAN CAN DO! NOW, WHATS YOUR PROBLEM?
...BUT ONE MORNING LAST WEEK SHE DISAPEARED, LEAVING ONLY THIS NOTE...
Love it, George
Sally
...I'VE TRACED HER THROUGH PLANE AND BUS TICKETS TO A SMALL NORTHERN CALIFORNIA TOWN; AN AREA FULL OF HIPPIE COMMUNES... I SUSPECT SHE'S BECOME A FOLLOWER OF THE HIPPIE PROPHET, BRIAN DEATH...
WHAT PROBLEM? WOW! I MEAN, YOU'RE HIRED!

A SMALL TOWN IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA NEAR THE BRIAN DEATH RANCH COMMUNE; THE LOCAL HIPPIE HANG-OUT HEALTH BAR...
THAT'LL BE $3.98!
I'LL HAVE BEAN SPROUTS AND CARROT JUICE, PLEASE!
REALLY GOOD KARMA FROM THE LIFE FORCE OF VEGETABLES... YOU FROM SAN FRANCISCO?
HOW DID YOU KNOW?
OH, ALL YOU CHICKS COME OUT HERE TO GROK THE ONENESS... YA KNOW. LIFE, FERTILITY... YOU GOT A, UH, BIOLOGICAL AFFINITY AN'ALL... LISSEN, THERE'S THIS DUDE. A REAL GURU...
O WOW!
DEATH RANCH...
THOU ART GOD MAURIE... WHO'S SHE?
NOBODY HERE IS SALLY GOODMAN.
THOU ART GOD, BONNIE... A NEW ADDITION TO THE FAMILY... I'LL GET BRIAN!
OH, WAIT TIL YOU MEET BRIAN! HE'S SO WISE, SO ALL-POWERFUL, SO-SO GODLIKE!
HERE HE COMES!
THOSE PANTS ARE UNFITTING FOR A WOMAN; SKIRTS SYMBOLIZE THE SOFT, FLOWING, YEILDING... THE TRUE YIN TO BRIAN'S YANG!
KAT!! YOU!
SO NOW YOU'RE CALLING YOURSELF BRIAN DEATH?
YOU IDIOT!! THIS IS NO DUMB RUNAWAY HIPPIE CHICK! THIS IS KAT BLACK, A 29 YEAR OLD LADY DETECTIVE AND WE'RE IN BIG TROUBLE!

LOCK HER UP! LET ME THINK!
NIGHT...
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO WITH THAT NOSEY BITCH! WE'VE BEEN TALKING LONG ENOUGH ABOUT HUMAN SACRIFICE. TOMORROW SHE BECOMES THE BRIDE OF DEATH!!
... FAR OUT!
IDIOTS THINK A LOCK CAN HOLD ME... NOW WHERE IS THAT OLD SHIRLEY CHISHOLM BUTTON... AH, HERE!
SHIRLEY CHISHOLM
I COULD JUST GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE, BUT I'VE GOT TO EXPOSE THIS CLOD...
DAWN...
SORRY, BABE, BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES...
WAIT!
FIRST, I THINK YOUR FOLLOWERS SHOULD KNOW THE TRUE BRIAN DEATH! LAST NIGHT, WHILE YOU SLEPT, I WAS IN YOUR ROOM, AND UNDER YOUR PILLOW I FOUND...

BAW! MY BOTTLE! GIVE BACK MY BOTTLE!
SCUSE ME... JUST REMEMBERED A HEAVY DATE IN NEW YORK.
QUIT SHOVIN'!
LATER, AT A NEIGHBORING FARMHOUSE...
...I WONDER IF I COULD USE YOUR PHONE?
SAY!...
THE PHONE'S THIS WAY... WE'RE A WOMEN'S COMMUNE...
AREN'T YOU MRS. GEORGE GOODMAN?
NOT ANYMORE I'M NOT!
BACK HOME...
...SO I DON'T THINK YOUR WIFE WILL BE COMING HOME...
...BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW BRIAN DEATH KEPT A BABY BOTTLE UNDER HIS PILLOW?
OH... ONCE, WHEN HE HAD A DIFFERENT NAME I WAS MARRIED TO THE GUY...
End

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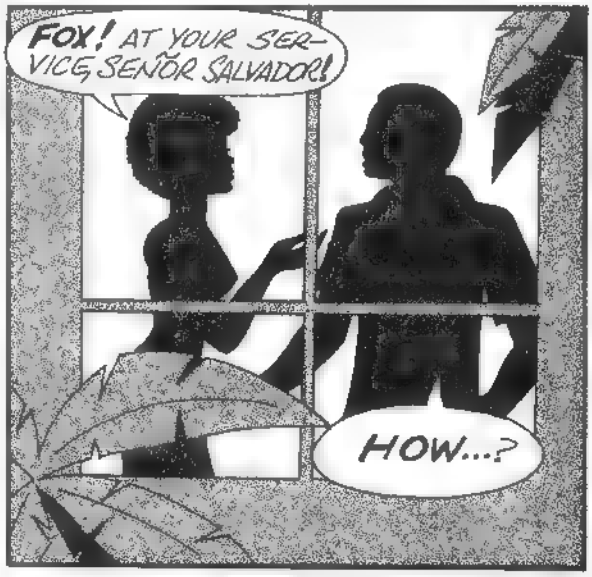
NIGHT OF THE HUNTER... A FULL TROPICAL MOON SHINES DOWN ON THE PREY... IS THERE A PLACE TO **HIDE**?

FOX HUNT

I KNOW YOU! I HAVE SEEN YOUR FACE IN LA PRENSA!
THE GRINGO GUERILLA...


FOX! AT YOUR SERVICE, SEÑOR SALVADOR!
HOW...?

HOW DO I KNOW YOU, SEÑOR? I WAS SENT TO FIND YOU, AND TO GIVE YOU...

...THIS!!

THAT YOU LEAD THE UNDERGROUND RESISTANCE MOVEMENT!
THE RED STAR OF FREEDOM! THEN YOU KNOW...
SEÑORITA FOX, YOU LOOK TIRED— AND HUNGRY...

GRACIAS, SEÑORA. NOT ANOTHER BITE... SO WHEN YOUR PRESIDENTE WAS ASSASINATED, OUR ORGANIZATION SENT ME. OUR NAME'S SECRET...

WORKING WITH YOUR UNDERGROUND WE SUCEEDED IN ELIMINATING SEVERAL KEY FIGURES IN THE MILITARY JUNTA...

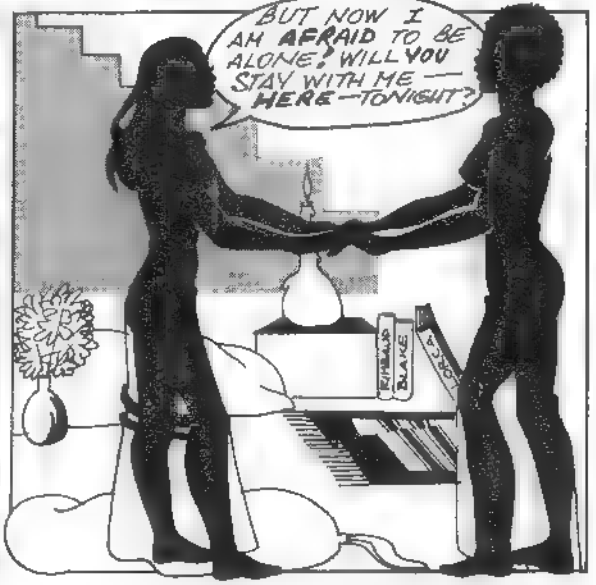
BUT OUR PRESCENCE IN YOUR COUNTRY WAS DISCOVERED, AND OUR PERIOD OF USEFULNESS ENDED...

AND YOU, SEÑOR, ARE MY CONTACT TO HELP GET ME OUT OF THE COUNTRY!

THE MOON IS LONG GONE... THE HOUSE SLEEPS. BUT SOME STIR RESTLESSLY...
CAN'T SLEEP, EITHER? WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT?
MI MADRE — SHE KNOWS NOTHING OF POLITICS! SHE WANTS ONLY TO BE LEFT ALONE TO CARE FOR US... BUT I...
YOU ARE OF A DIFFERENT GENERATION...
SI! ALL ABOUT ME STUDENTS SPEAK OF REVOLUTION! AND THE MEN WITH BURNING EYES WHO COME SECRETLY TO MY FATHER IN THE NIGHT... BY MORNING THEY ARE GONE... I KNOW HE HAS HELPED THEM ESCAPE!
Y'KNOW, THERE COMES A TIME WHEN PEACE AND SAFETY ARE MEANINGLESS, CAUSE YOUR SOUL'S AT STAKE AND, HONEY, SUDDENLY THAT MEANS MORE THAN LIFE!
... BUT I AM AFRAID!

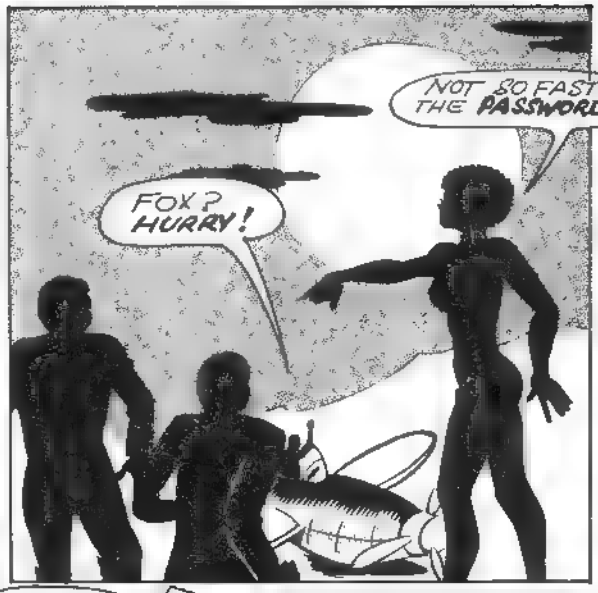
I HAVE KNOWN THAT FEAR...
SEÑORITA FOX, I WOULD SHOW YOU SOMETHING...
IT WAS HERE WHEN WE MOVED IN... PERHAPS ONCE A WINE CELLAR... I NEVER SHOWED IT TO MY PARENTS...

I COME HERE WHEN I MUST BE ALONE... TO THINK...


BUT NOW I AM AFRAID TO BE ALONE! WILL YOU STAY WITH ME — HERE — TONIGHT?
EDWARD BLAKE

AT DAWN TWO WOMEN PRAY, EACH TO HER SEPERATE GODDESS...
HOLY MARY, MOTHER OF GOD...
HARRIET TUBMAN, BRAVE ANCESTRESS! YOU, TOO, FLED THE OPRESSOR! MAY I PROVE AS SUCCESFUL!
FOX'S REVERY IS INTERRUPTED...
SENÓRITA FOX, THESE MEN TRAVEL WITH YOU ON YOUR ROAD TO FREEDOM! CON PERMISSO...
RUY PALOMA, THE VIOLINIST... HE HAS SWORN NEVER TO GIVE ANOTHER CONCERT UNTIL HIS COUNTRY IS FREED!
GARCIA RUIZ, WHOSE POETRY YOU HAVE SURELY READ... POETRY, ALAS, WHOSE POLITICAL CONTENT MAKES LIFE IN THIS COUNTRY UNHEALTHY!
FRANCISCO SIERRA, MURALIST! HIS WORK, ALSO HAS MADE HIM UNPOPULAR WITH THE PRESENT REGIME!
THREE OF THE GREATEST ARTISTS IN THE WORLD! SENORS, I AM HONORED TO TRAVEL WITH YOU!

THAT NIGHT — A HIDDEN AIRSTRIP IN THE ANDES...
HERE IT COMES— THE PLANE THAT WILL TAKE YOU TO SAFETY!


NOT SO FAST! THE PASSWORD?
FOX? HURRY!

COME ON! THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT!
TRAP!! RUN, AMIGOS!

AMBUSH!

GET BACK TO THE HOUSE! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME — I'LL MEET YOU THERE!

HOURS LATER—BACK AT THE HOUSE...
ELENA — POR FAVOR— EAT SOMETHING!
MAMA, I JUST KNOW SHE'S SAFE!

IT'S NO USE, ELENA. I FEAR WE'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN!

WRONG, SEÑOR SALVADOR!
DIOS! THE POLICIA HAVE TRAILED YOU HERE!
YOU'RE HURT!

BAM! BAM!
OPEN UP!!
THE OTHERS... SHOT, OR TAKEN PRISONER...
MADONNA! WE ARE LOST!

NO! NO MORE SHOOTING! WE WILL MEET THEM WITH OUR HEADS HELD HIGH!

SI, SI... ONE MOMENT...
SEÑOR SALVADOR, WE HAVE A WARRANT...
SSHH... VAYA CON DIOS, MUCHACHA!

SEÑOR SALVADOR? AND THE SPY, FOX?
W-WHY, SHE'S GONE!
SHE WILL NOT GET FAR...SOMEONE WISHES TO MEET YOU!
GENERALISSIMO TORO!!
SEÑOR SALVADOR, FOR YOU I HAVE...
THIS!! FOR YOUR EXCELLENT JOB IN DECEIVING THE UNDERGROUND RABBLE! NEVER DID THEY DREAM YOU WORKED FOR ME!
ALAS, THE WOMAN, FOX, ESCAPED!
BUT WE CAUGHT THE OTHERS! SHE SHALL BE FOUND!
SEÑORA, YOUR HUSBAND HAS PERFORMED A GREAT SERVICE AND SHALL BE WELL REWARDED!
I AM SO HAPPY!

BUT ALL THOSE IDEALS I THOUGHT YOU STOOD FOR, PAPA... THE THINGS FOX TOLD ME... I DO NOT FORGET THEM! MI PADRE, YOU PROVED FALSE, BUT THE REVOLUTION LIVES, AND I SHALL HELP IT TRIUMPH!
AND AS THE HUNTED ANIMAL FLEES THROUGH NIGHTS OF DESERTED STREETS AND ALLEYS, THE EMBERS PLANTED IN A SISTER'S SOUL GLOW TO A BLAZE OF REVOLUTION!

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minit misteries presents

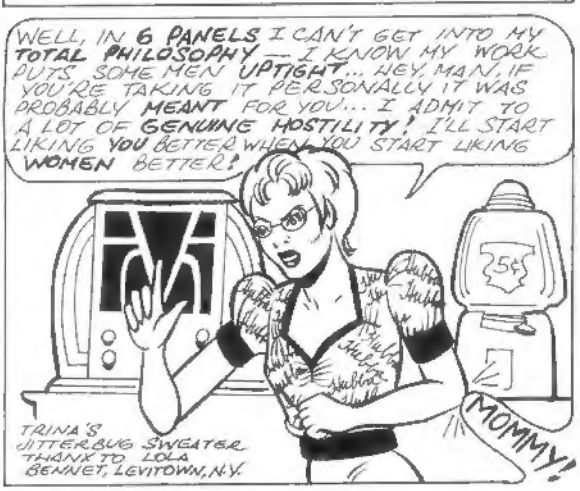
Dixie Dumpster and the case of the cancelled chorine

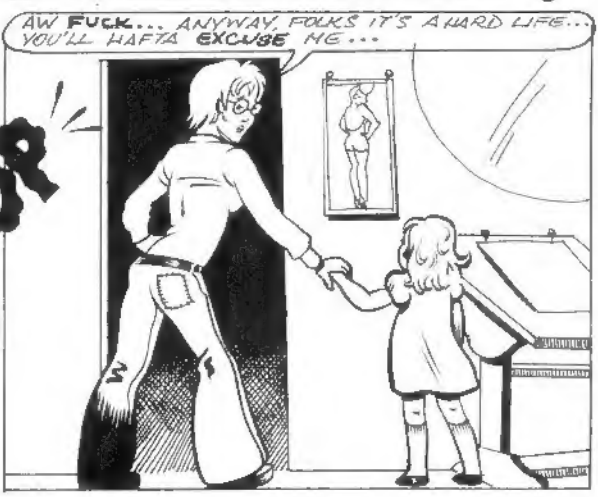
ERROL PERIL WAS SLIPPING IN THE FLICKERS; HE NEEDED THE GREEN STUFF TO PAY OFF GAMBLING DEBTS. JUNE MOONEY WAS HIS OLD FLAME, BUT SHE WAS STEPPING ON HIS TOES NOW THAT HE WAS ABOUT TO LATCH ON TO ALL OF BETTYS LETTUCE! JUNE'S WEDGIE SOLES WERE NEW AND UNMARKED—SHE NEVER TOOK ANY LONG WALK IN THEM. ACTUALLY SHE WAS DUMPED OFF INDOORS, WHILST MASQUING OVER THE AMBUSH TO DIXIE, AND HER BODY DEMOTED TO AVERT SUSPICION FROM THE KILLER, ERROL PERIL!

AND NOW, GIRL FIGHT COMICS INVITES YOU TO:

A VISIT with the ARTIST

IN HER OWN STUDIO!!





TRINA 74
Watch out, boys! Here they come again!
Inside: AMAZONS, DYKES, LADY DETECTIVES

Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Girl Fight Comics #2

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Stories:

3 - Montezuma's Revenge
13 - K.C. Starr-Childe
18 - Fantasy #127
20 - Introducing Kat!
24 - Fox Hunt
34 - Dixie Dumpster and the Case of the Cancelled Chorine
35 - A Visit With The Artist
36 - Watch Out Boys

Artists:

Trina Robbins - 1-36

Comments:

n/a